

JONATHAN AND OTHER POEMS

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D.W. WHITTLE

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Jonathan & Other Poems

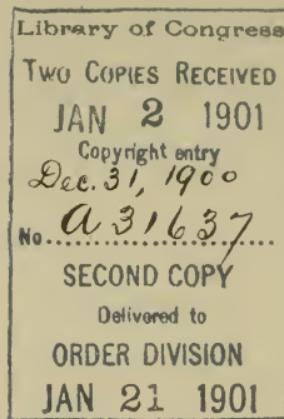
JONATHAN AND OTHER POEMS

BY

D. W. WHITTLE



Fleming H. Revell Company
Chicago, New York & Toronto
Publishers of Evangelical Literature



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1900

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Preface

My father wrote his first hymn ("Christ Is All") for P. P. Bliss in 1875; but before it had been set to music Mr. and Mrs. Bliss met death in the Ashtabula disaster. This hymn was afterwards found in their trunk, and music written for it by James McGranahan.

These hymns,—with one or two exceptions,—were written under a nom de plume, "Mary More," "D. W. W.," and "W. W. D." being used, but frequently "El Nathan."

This collection was suggested by Mr. D. L. Moody, in October, 1899, and he planned to write a preface. Since he has been called home, his testimony to the love he bore these hymns has been found written by his own hand in another collection of hymns, and we are glad to reproduce it in this little volume.

To my dear daughter
Mary Whittle Moody.
You will find in this
Collection of Hymns
many written by your
own dear brother who
I think has written some
of the best hymns of
this century and many
they char you as they have
many others in the wish
of W. L. Moody

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Jonathan and Other Poems



Jonathan at Gilboa

This is a glorious night. The full moon rides
The heavens, and glides among the clouds, the
 queen

Of all the stars. Far to the north with all
His bright attendant orbs Arcturus shines,
A brilliant diadem on Hermon's brow.

Above the hills of Bashan to the east
The seven stars, as in the days of Job,
Are circled still. And, like a sentinel
In silent night o'erwatching Nazareth
Stands Tabor fair. Away to the great sea
The shadowy slopes of Carmel lie along
The star-lit sky in lion-like repose.

Southward the holy hills of Joshua,
Ebal and Gerizim, fit monuments
To those whose bones are buried at their base,
Lift up their heads. Beyond lies Benjamin,
Land of my fathers and their tribe. There,
 too,

Is Gibeah, my boyhood's home. There Shiloh,
Bethel, Mizpah, cities where oft around
The holy Ark and Altar, Israel's hosts,
Arraying for the battles of the Lord,
Have gathered.

And there more distant still
Is Ramah, once the home of Samuel,
God's servant, now, alas, from Israel gone.
How oft at Ramah in the days of old
I sat with David at his feet and heard
The word of God! 'Twas from that holy man
We both were quickened in our souls and led
To living faith in Abraham's mighty God.
From him we learned God's law, and much
beside—

What sacrifices mean, why He had called
Our forefathers, the marvels He had wrought
On their behalf, and, wondrous most of all,
The promise of God's future rule through them
In Shiloh yet to come.

Samuel had thought
That Saul, my father, would have been God's
king
And heir of Jacob's covenant. This fired
My heart in my young manhood's days.
But oh, my father, whom I fondly love,
And in my boyhood worshiped and admired,
Through disobedience has forfeited
This calling high and is cast off by God.
To-night I know not where he is. I heard
Him in his tent awhile agone

Cry fiercely "he was God's anointed king,
And yet no answer to his prayers would God
Vouchsafe." And then with dark and gloomy
brow,

A desperate resolve upon his face,
He left the camp and strode off through the
shades

Of night towards Endor. I offered to go
With him to guide him on the way, but he
Refused, and bade me wait for his return,
And have all ready for the fight ere dawn
Of day. His heart I know is sore afraid
As he looks out upon the hosts encamped
Against us.

Alas! Alas! my father!

O God, that it should come to this! That fear
Should reign within that heart once lion-like
And bold and laughing at all fear! That dread
Of any mortal foe should paralyze
The arm before whose deadly blows Nahash
Of Ammon with his hosts from Jabesh fled!
O awful sin, fraught with such dire results!
O holy, just and awful God, That thus
Can punish sin! My father's sinking heart
And gloom give presage that the end is near.
Despair has settled down on Israël.

All through the camp they talk of doom foretold
To Saul, of judgment long delayed for sin
Against the Lord, and for attempts upon
His servant David's life.

On every hand

They say, "If David were but here!" and to
Their word my heart responds with quicker
beat,

And, longing, sighs, "If David were but
here!"

Filled with the spirit of the Lord, how he
With dauntless mien and flashing eye, would
lead

Our Gideon's band and sweep yon vast array
Of Philistines back to their Askelon
And Gath.

Only one week ago I begged
My father, Saul, with tears, to let me go
And bring back David to his house. I told
Him of the feeling which pervades the host,
And of the message with which God has filled
My heart that none can save the land, himself,
His line, but David only. He did not curse me
As of old, neither did he lift his spear
To take my life as on that new moon feast
When I bore shame for David's sake; but with
An awful look of desperation said:
"Too late, too late, no David now can save
The house of Saul. I *cannot* yield, my son;
For I am in the grasp of powers of hell.
They force me on to fight against the Lord,
And God has left me to an awful end,
That warning may be made that those whom
God

Exalts shall in the doing of His will
Bring glory to His name, or be cast down

To hell. No, Jonathan, I *hate* the son
Of Jesse, and he shall not come to once
Again enjoy the triumph that God will
Not give to me. On yonder hills shall lie
My body, and the bodies of my sons
In death, ere I will owe my safety or
My throne to him." While thus my father spake
My heart as lead became, and hope for aught
But death for him, as well as for his house,
Departed from my breast.

The end is nigh.

A chosen band of sons of Benjamin
Will dearly sell their lives ere yonder host
Shall have my father's blood, and I, his son,
Will lead them. But my father, oh, dread
thought,

My father ere another moon shall rise
Will have perished, and I have perished
By his side. I cannot now forsake him,
Nor can I turn from following the Ark
Of God and guarding it from heathen hands.
My father, Saul, is the anointed king
Of Israël, and I must give my life
For him and for the Ark of God.

David

Will understand, and he, if he were here,
Would counsel me none other thing than this.
Alas! my brother, I shall never see
Thy face again. I have loved thee, David,
As man ne'er loved a brother man before.
My heart went out in whole-souled love to thee

When thou didst stand triumphant in thy God
With great Goliath's head within thy hand.
I loved thee as I heard thee tune thy harp
Within my father's court, and raise thy voice
In shepherd songs of praise to Israël's God.
I loved thee as I saw thy flashing sword
And heard thy shout as, captain of our host,
Thou led'st us in unceasing victories.
I lovèd thee, and gladly in my love
I gave thee all I had—my sword and spear,
My armor, and my bow. And now as death
Is drawing nigh it is most sweet to feel
That in my death I may be serving thee,
Thou royal lover of my soul, my heart's
True king, and hastening on thy crowning day.
I am assured of God that with my death,
And with my father's death, the people will
No longer wait, but will be turned to put
The crown on David's head, and make him king;
And thus shall Israël's troubles have an end
And David's bitter persecution cease.
Then welcome death, if David be advanced
And Zion be delivered from her foes.

And now, dear heart, my own loved wife, these
two
Years waiting in the spirit land, I soon
Shall join you there. Our child, our five-year-old
Mephibosheth, our bright-eyed darling boy,
I leave without a fear in solemn trust
To David's care. His oath is given me

That when he to the kingdom comes he will
Show kindness to my seed. This morning as
I kissed our boy farewell I charged his nurse,
Should evil tidings come, to go at once
To David with the little one, and ask
Protection for the son of Jonathan.
David I know within my inmost soul
Will show him kindness great, and treat him as
His own for Jonathan, his father's, sake.

And now, the night wears on. I'll to my tent,
And in God's care sleep my last sleep on earth
Ere dawns the battle day. To-morrow night
My soul shall be with Samuel in that
Fair land of peace where battles never come.
A David, my David, King of my heart,
Shall soon be King of Israël. Not here,
But in Messiah's Kingdom shall we meet
Again. For Samuel taught us those whom God
Did call to Abraham's faith should hear the call
Of God to Abraham; and from their graves
Upon the resurrection morn should come
His children true, and he and I shall see
And share Messiah's glory. Through my son,
Mephibosheth, I pray that Abraham's God
Will raise unto my father's house a seed
To last until Messiah come. And that
From them a second Saul may be raised up
To be to David's Son what I had fain
To David been—to live and die for Him
And for the glory of His kingdom.

I Will Not Leave You Comfortless

Be still, sad heart, thy Saviour knows full well,
The burden on thee laid;
And to thy side He comes, with love to heal,
The wound His love hath made.
Close by the sheep in paths of darkness led,
He walks, the shepherd true;
“I will not leave you comfortless,” He said,
“I will come unto you.”

No love but His can fill the vacant place,
Or soothe the bitter pain;
No power but His can give the needed grace,
To count thy sorrows gain:
No hand but His can wipe the falling tear,
For He on earth hath wept;
No voice but His can at the grave give cheer,
For there He once hath slept.

And still He weeps, with all His own who
weep,
Our great High-priest above;
And through their night of woe He still doth
keep
His silent watch of love.
He feels each sigh, each throb of aching head,
And whispers soft and low,
“I will not leave you comfortless and sad,
I will come unto you.”

Awake, O Christian

"It is high time to awake out of sleep."—*Rom. 13:11.*

Awake, awake, O Christian!
The battle draweth near;
The "Day-star" brightly shineth,
The King will soon appear;
He comes His own to gather,
And lead them forth to war;
Behold, His blood-stained banner
Is streaming now afar.

Awake, awake, O Christian!
How canst thou longer sleep?
To thee the Lord is calling,
The watch for Him to keep;
Make haste, put on thine armor,
And follow in His train;
With Jesus thou must suffer,
If thou with Him would'st reign.

Awake, awake, O Christian!
Thy crown let no man take,
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Tho' billows round thee break;
Soon, soon the blessed welcome,
On yonder radiant shore;
"Well done," thy glorious greeting,
When conflicts all are o'er.

I Will Pass Over You

When God the way of life would teach,
And gather all His own,
He placed them safe beyond the reach
Of death, by blood alone.

It is His word, God's precious word,
It stands forever true:
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,
I will pass over you.

By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God,
The precious blood was shed,
When He fulfilled God's holy word,
And suffered in our stead.

O soul, for thee salvation thus
By God is freely given;
The blood of Christ atones for sin,
And makes us meet for Heaven.

The wrath of God that was our due,
Upon the Lamb was laid;
And by the shedding of His blood,
The debt for us was paid.

How calm the judgment hour shall pass
To all who do obey
The word of God about the blood,
And make that word their stay.

Blessed Hope

A lamp in the night, a song in time of sorrow,
A great, glad hope which faith can ever bor-
row;
To gild the passing day with the glory of the
morrow,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us;
An anchor sure to hold when storms betide us;
A refuge for the soul, where in quiet we may
hide us,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

A call of command, like trumpet clearly sound-
ing,
To make us bold when evil is surrounding;
To stir the sluggish heart, and to keep in grace
abounding,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

A word from the One to all our hearts the
dearest,
A parting word to make Him aye the nearest;
Of all His precious words, the sweetest, bright-
est, clearest,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

Watch and Pray

Watch and pray! when Satan tempts thee,
When assailed by foes unseen;
Christ is ever near to shield thee;
In thy conflict look to Him.

Refrain—Watch and pray, the time is passing,
Sin and strife will soon be o'er;
Watch and pray till Glory's dawning,
Then we'll praise Him evermore.

Watch! for Satan's hosts surround thee,
Gird thine armor on each day;
They are waiting to ensnare thee;
Look to Jesus, watch and pray.

Pray! for thou art weak and helpless,
Poor and wretched and undone;
None can face the pow'rs of darkness,
Save in Jesus' strength alone.

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I looked to Jesus

I looked to Jesus in my sin,
My woe and want confessing;
Undone and lost, I came to Him,
I sought and found a blessing.

I looked to Jesus on the cross,
For me I saw Him dying;
God's word believed, that all my sins
Were there upon Him lying.

I looked to Jesus There on high,
From death upraised to glory;
I trusted in His power to save,
Believed the old, old story.

He looked on me; O look of love!
My heart by it was broken;
And, with that look of love, He gave
The Holy Spirit's token.

Copyright, 1887, by James McGrawhaw.

The Stands the King of Glory

He stands the King of glory,
 He pleads, O heart, with thee;
He tells the piteous story
 Of death at Calvary.

The day is swiftly going,
 The night is drawing nigh
And still God's grace is flowing,
 To all who hear the cry.

He came in early morning,
 In life's sweet opening spring,
And call'd as day was dawning,
 Thy heart to Him to bring.

And now when night is falling,
 And dull and faint thine ear,
In love He still is calling,
 O sinner, list and hear.

Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.

Kept by the Power of God

Kept thro' the years since first Thy calling
Came to me by Thy Grace and made me
Thine;
Bruised I have been by grievous falling,
Yet still I have been kept by power divine.

"Kept" in the faith that Thou dost love me,
Hard though the constant fight of faith hath
been:

"Kept" when the clouds were dark above me,
Helped still to say, "Thou dost forgive my
sin!"

"Kept" sowing on, though often weeping,
Toiling for Thee, my Master and my Lord;
"Kept" in the harvest field still reaping.
Proclaiming there Thine ever faithful word.

"Kept" for the hour so swiftly nearing,
Day of all days for those who know Thy
grace;

"Kept" in the love of Thine appearing,
When in the glory I shall see Thy face.

Have Faith in God

Have faith in God; what can there be
For Him too hard to do for thee?
He gave His Son; now all is free;
 Have faith, have faith in God.

Have faith thy pardon to believe,
Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
Have faith the Spirit to receive;
 Have faith, have faith in God.

Have faith in God, and trust His might
That He will conquer as you fight,
And give the triumph to the right;
 Have faith, have faith in God.

Have faith in God: press near His side;
Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;
In life, in death, whate'er betide,
 Have faith, have faith in God.

Copyright, 1897, by James McGrawahan.

Prosper Thy Servant

Blessed Redeemer, how great is my need
Hear me, I pray, as Thy promise I plead;
Thou who hath led me thus far on my way,
“Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant to-day.”

Mercy accepting and pardon from sin,
With my thanksgivings my prayer I begin.
Then as forgiven, I ever would say,
“Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant to-day.”

Walking the pathway appointed by Thee,
Often no light on that pathway I see;
Come in Thy brightness and shine on my way,
“Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant to-day.”

Seeking Thy message of mercy to give,
Calling to sinners to look and to live;
Searching for lost ones whenever they stray,
“Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant to-day.”

Copyright, 1899, by James McGranahan.

Bring him unto Me

There is never a soul so sinful
Condemned by just decree,—
But Christ in grace is calling,
“Bring him unto Me.”

There is never a soul in bondage,
But Christ can make him free,—
For still of such He’s saying,
“Bring him unto Me.”

There is never a soul so hardened,
E’en dead that soul may be,—
But “Christ the Life” inviteth,
“Bring him unto Me.”

There is never a soul that’s dying,
But God would have him see,
’Tis Christ the Saviour calling,
“Bring him unto Me.”

Copyright, 1893, by James McGlashan.

More and More the Weight of Glory

More and more the weight of glory,
For our light afflictions here;
Glory grand, supreme, eternal,
If the cross for Christ we bear.

Lessons learned through pain and sorrow,
Break the ground for precious seed;
Seed that buds and comes to blossom,
Only in the hearts that bleed.

O'er the fields where once were battles,
Now the fairest flowers are found;
So the souls that here have conflicts,
More and more in grace abound.

Looking on to things eternal,
Let us daily die to sin;
To the end by grace enduring,
We the glory grand, may win.

Copyright, 1895, by James McGranahan.

"Thou Remainest"

This hymn was suggested by seeing the text, "Thou Remainest," on the wall of Dr. Andrew Bonar's study.

"Thou remainest," Blest Redeemer,
Lord of peace and Lord of strife,
Jesus, Saviour, Lord forever,
"Thou remainest" Christ my life.

Satisfying every longing,
Of my sinful soul for grace,
From my weakness never turning,
"Thou remainest" Christ my peace.

Earthly joys may soon be fading,
Wintry frosts sweet flow'r's destroy;
But above the cloud that's shading,
"Thou remainest" Christ my joy.

One by one my loved may leave me,
Voices sweet no more be heard;
But of God naught can bereave me,
"Thou remainest" Christ my Lord.

When from earth, Thou, Lord, shalt call me,
Calm, I'll lay my burden down,
For I know, whate'er befall me,
"Thou remainest" Christ my crown.

Copyright, 1895, by James McGrawahan.

We're Soldiers of the King

Written for the soldiers in Dublin, Ireland.

We're Soldiers of the King,
Redeemed and saved by blood;
And now enlisted for the war
To fight for Christ the Lord.
In peril oft are we,
But joyfully we sing,
Our hearts made strong by Him who leads
The Soldiers of the King.

We're Soldiers of the King,
His Name we gladly bear,
The Name once nailed above the Cross,
When Christ, our King, was there;
We'll count our losses gain,
And welcome every sting,
To honor our Redeemer's name,
As Soldiers of the King.

We're Soldiers of the King,
With Him we shall appear;
If we with Him shall suffer now,
And His rejection share.
Then lift His banner high,
For time is on the wing,
The crowning day is hast'ning on,
For Soldiers of the King.

Showers of Blessing

“There shall be showers of blessing:”

This is the promise of love;

There shall be seasons refreshing,

Sent from the Saviour above.

“There shall be showers of blessing”—

Precious reviving again;

Over the hills and the valleys,

Sound of abundance of rain.

“There shall be showers of blessing:”

Send them upon us, O Lord;

Grant to us now a refreshing,

Come, and now honor Thy word.

“There shall be showers of blessing:”

Oh, that to-day they might fall,

Now as to God we're confessing,

Now as on Jesus we call!

Copyright, 1883, by James McGrawahan.

The Crowning Day

Our Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the *many* still neglected,
And by the *few* enthroned;
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array;
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before;
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by

Let all that look for, hasten
 The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
 To walk the narrow way;
By gathering in the lost ones,
 For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by and
 by.

Oh, the crowning day is coming,
 Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "power"
 And "glory" from on high.
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
 Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan.

The Coming of the Kingdom

There's a glorious Kingdom waiting in the land
 beyond the sky,
Where the saints have been gath'ring year
 by year;
And the days are swiftly passing that will
 bring the Kingdom nigh,
For the coming of the Kingdom draweth
 near!

'Tis the hope of yonder Kingdom, and the
 glory there prepared,
And the looking for the Saviour to appear,
That delivers us from bondage to the world
 that once ensnared,
For the coming of the Kingdom draweth
 near!

With the coming of the Kingdom we shall see
 our blessed Lord,
For the King, ere the Kingdom must appear;
Hallelujah to His name who redeemed us by
 His blood!
Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth
 near!

Oh, the world is growing weary, it has waited
now so long,
And the hearts of men are failing them for
fear;
Let us tell them of the Kingdom, let us cheer
them with the song,
That the coming of the Kingdom draweth
near!

Copyright, 1863, by James McGranahan.

Christ Liveth in Me

As lives the flower within the seed.

As in the cone the tree,

So, praise the God of truth and grace,
His Spirit dwelleth in me.

Once far from God and dead in sin,

No light my heart could see;

But in God's word the light I found,

Now "Christ liveth in me."

As rays of light from yonder sun

The flowers of earth set free,

So life and light and love came forth

From "Christ living in me."

With longing all my heart is filled,

That like Him I may be,

As on the wondrous thought I dwell,

That "Christ liveth in me."

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Stretch Forth thy Hand

“Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *palsied* hand,
Fear not, it is thy Lord’s command;
Seek not from Him to hide thy sin,
Confess, and ask to be made clean.

“Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *empty* hand,
No gift of thine will God commend;
The empty hand that shows thy need,
Of this alone will He take heed.

“Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *helpless* hand,
Upheld by God, thy soul shall stand;
Fight not in thine own strength the foe,
But trusting Jesus, onward go.

“Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *dying* hand,
When thou shalt come to Jordan’s strand;
Through all the billows Christ shall guide,
And bring thee safe to Canaan’s side.

“Stretch forth thy hand,” on Christ believe,
“Stretch forth thy hand,” the power receive;
He offers grace so full and free,
“Stretch forth thy hand,” He speaks to thee.

Come on the Wings of the Morning

Come on the wings of the morning,
Come thou Redeemer and King;
Hail to the day that is dawning,
Hail to the joy it shall bring.

Come on the wings of the morning;
Come with Thy glory and grace,
All of Thy promise performing,
Showing the light of Thy face.

Come on the wings of the morning:
Come with a joyful surprise:
Lifting the sad and the mourning,
Wiping the tears from their eyes.

Come on the wings of the morning;
Come as a king to Thy throne:
Have we not sounded Thy warning?
Now let Thy glory be known.

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Comfort us, O Son of God

Now our hearts in sorrow blending,
Now the tears of grief descending
 Now the chastening rod.
Earth has lost for us a treasure,
Heaven has gained an added pleasure,
 Comfort us, O Son of God.

O, that thus the tie should sever;
Must the parting be forever?
 Is the light all flown?
Comfort us, O God, our Father,
Thou who didst this dear one gather,
 Comfort us, through Christ Thy Son.

Safe with God we leave our dearest,
There in light serene and clearest,
 Shall the spirit reign;
Still, in Christ, we live united,
And through Him whose word is plighted,
 We shall once more meet again.

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The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old

Luke 1:33.

They tell us the story of Jesus is old,
And they ask that we preach something new;
They say that the "Babe," and the "man of
the cross,"
For the wise of this world will not do.

It can *never* grow old! It can *never* grow old!
Though a *million* times over the story is told;
While *sin* lives unvanquished, and death rules
the world,
The story of *Jesus* can *never* grow old.

For what can we tell to the weary of heart,
If we preach not salvation from sin?
And how can we comfort the souls that
depart,
If we tell not how Christ rose again?

Yet the story is old, as the sunlight is old,
Though it's new every morn all the same,
As it floods all the world with its gladness
and light,
Kindling far away stars by its flame.

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In Grace the Holy God

In grace the Holy God,
Did full salvation plan,
Electing in His sovereign grace,
To save rebellious man.

This grace of God appears,
In Jesus Christ His Son;
He, lifted on the cross of shame,
The grace of God makes known.

To all who now believe,
In God through Christ revealed,
By grace they full salvation have,
And sons of God are sealed.

For victory over sin,
Each day new grace is given,
The Holy Spirit dwells within,
By Jesus sent from Heaven.

When Christ in glory comes,
That glory we shall share,
And, all the riches of His grace,
Will fully then appear.

Father, Glorify Thy Name

“Father, glorify Thy name:
As of old the Spirit came,
We once more the promise claim,
 Magnify Thy Son.

“Father, glorify Thy name:
Help us as the prayer we frame,
In our hearts for this to aim,
 Magnify Thy Son.

“Father, glorify Thy name:
Give to Christ His promised fame,
Put His enemies to shame,
 Magnify Thy Son.

“Father, glorify Thy name:
Bless the truth we now proclaim,
Send the pentecostal flame,
 Magnify Thy Son.

Look Away to Jesus

Would you live the life divine?
All God's promises made thine?
Would you for His glory shine?
 Look away to Jesus.

Never doubt God's love and grace,
Never doubt the Blood made peace,
Take within the veil your place,
 Look away to Jesus.

Count thyself as having died,—
With thy Saviour crucified,
Now as pardoned, justified,
 Look away to Jesus.

Die to self from day to day,
Yielding up to God thy way,
Seeking ever to obey,
 Look away to Jesus.

“Go, when Jesus calls thee;
Hasten when He draws thee;
Pause when He restrains thee;”
 Look away to Jesus.

Let Christ be All in All

Come children of the latter days,
Heed your Redeemer's call,
The martyr standard still upraise,
Let Christ be all in all.

If light from Christ has shone on thee,
That light must others bless;
If Christ from sin has made you free,
His name you must confess.

Christ is not one mid *many* Lords,
He is the Lord alone:
The words He spake are God's own words;
He sits upon God's throne.

There are not many ways to Heaven;
Christ is the only way:
One sacrifice alone is given,
His death on Calvary.

From prison walls and scaffolds high;
From fields made red by blood;
From martyr fires that light the sky,
Oh hear the call of God!

To keep the cross! For truth be bold:
Thy crown let no man take;
On Christ as Son of God keep hold,
Die gladly for His sake.

God Forbid That I Should Glory

God forbid that I should glory,
Only in the cross alone;
Where I read in wondrous story,
God, in grace and love made known—

Here I see the guilt of sinning,
Here I feel sin's heavy load;
Here I find the true beginning,
Of repentance toward my God.

Here God's justice satisfying,
Christ the ransom price I see;
For my sins God's Son is dying,
Bearing here God's wrath for me.

Here upon my Saviour gazing,
I by faith am made God's child;
Love surprising! Grace amazing!
I to God am reconciled.

God forbid that I should glory
Or make boast of aught beside,
Save the wondrous heavenly story,
Christ for me was crucified.

The Light of the World

In far flashing splendor God's word unto men,
Is shining from heaven to save them from sin;
To show them their evil, to bring them to
 grace,
Revealing in Jesus, God's wonderful peace.

Oh blessed be God for His wonderful love!
For Jesus sent down from the glory above;
In Him there is light, it has dawned upon me,
As Christ, my Redeemer and Saviour I see.

Once sunken in slumber, I knew not the day
Had dawned for my soul, and was passing
 away;
I squandered in folly the morning's bright
 hours,
And wasted in sinning my God-given powers.

But, thanks be to God, for His mercy divine!
A light from my Saviour around me did shine;
I woke from my slumber, I turned to the Lord,
And swift to my soul came the light of His
 word.

And now I am walking with Christ in the light,
The blood of redemption kept ever in sight;
God's Spirit within me to teach, and to guide
To yonder bright mansions, where I shall abide.

But for a Moment

“But for a moment,” welcome the cross;
After the moment, gainful the loss;
“But for a moment,” sharp tho’ the pain,
After the moment, endless the gain.

“But for a moment,” wearied and worn;
After the moment, then upward borne;
“But for a moment,” longing for Home,
After the moment, Jesus will come.

“But for a moment,” lonely and sad;
After the moment, joyful and glad;
“But for a moment,” shadows of night;
After the moment, then in the light.

“But for a moment,” partings below;
After the moment, Jesus to know;
“But for a moment,” trials and tears;
After the moment, glory appears.

Come Quickly Lord in Glory

How brief is this world's glory
E'en like yon sunset sky,
That, while I'm musing, like a dream
Has passed forever by.

This fading light brings longing,
For dawning of the day,
When Christ shall bring a glory
That shall never pass away.

How many saints so weary,
Watch these swift clouds to-night,
And hearts grow heavy waiting,
And tears be-dim their sight.

Let prayer ascend to Heaven:
“Lord Jesus come again;
Come quickly in Thy glory;
Come and commence Thy reign.”

Choose ye this Day Whom ye will Serve

The world is one vast battlefield,
And all who here are born,
Must fight for truth, or be its foe,
Till they from earth are gone.

We cannot, if we would, escape;
There is no place to hide;
The eye of God is on us all,
We each must take our side.

Some fight for sin and error;
And some, for Christ the Lord;
The many, battle for the wrong;
The few, for truth and God.

And some are fighting bravely,
And some by sin are cowed;
While here and there are knightly souls,
That tower above the crowd.

The Holy Place

There is on high a holy place,
Where God in glory reigns;
And where the soul that sees His face,
Eternal joy obtains.

Our Lord, to yonder holy place,
By Calvary's cross attained:
His title to the throne of grace,
By sacrifice was gained.

Our right within the holy place,
Is Jesus' presence there:
The veil was rent for all our race,
When He our sins did bear.

What blessings from the holy place,
Upon us now descend,
As we the name of Christ confess,
And on His blood depend!

Soon He will leave the holy place,
To sit on David's throne,
The darkness from the earth to chase
And bring eternal morn.

The Name of Jesus

O Jesus, Saviour, name of names!
The name the Father giveth,
And for that name the homage claims,
Of every soul that liveth.

Jesus, Redeemer of our souls,
We worship and adore Thee;
From earth to Heaven the anthem rolls,
From blood-bought hosts before Thee.

We sing Thy matchless grace and love,
That from the Father brought Thee,
Down from the glorious Home above,
To die for those who scoffed Thee.

We sing Thy triumph o'er the grave,
With all Thy work completed,
Forever more, with power to save,
Upon the throne now seated.

Spirit of God, Thy Work Begin

Spirit of God, Thy work begin:
Reveal to us God's Son:
Before His cross, convince of sin,
And break these hearts of stone.

Spirit of Life, Thy life impart,
As we by faith receive
The Son of God into the heart,
And on His name believe.

Spirit of Truth, O make us know,
The truth in Christ revealed;
The fulness of the Godhead show,
In Him whom God hath sealed.

Spirit of Light, within us shine,
And show, in Jesus' face,
The glory of the Christ divine,
And riches of God's grace.

Spirit of Love, O shed abroad,
God's love so full and free;
The love that gave Immanuel's blood,
A sacrifice to be.

In kingly March the Son of God

In kingly march the Son of God,
For judgment is descending,
"Clothed in a vesture dipped in blood,"
With angel hosts attending.

The "fulness of the time" draws near,
The time of God's disposing;
Men's hearts are "failing them for fear,"
The day of grace is closing.

As "King of kings and Lord of lords,"
Christ to the earth returneth;
With shining feet He walks the clouds,
A flame before Him burneth.

Be silent all ye sons of men;
Hush for awhile your warring;
While yet ye may, repent of sin,
And look for Christ's appearing.

The Word of God is Given

The word of God is given
To all who serve Him here.
That when the Lord from Heaven
In glory shall appear,
We then shall be delivered
From sorrow, sin and pain;
And if for Christ we suffer,
With Him we then shall reign.

Once in our sin we wandered
Far, far away from God,
And precious hours we squandered
Upon the downward road;
But God in grace hath called us,
And given us to share
The purchase of our Saviour,
A mansion bright and fair.

Now with this hope to cheer us,
And with the Spirit's seal,
That all our sins were pardoned,
Through Him whose stripes did heal;
As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"
No place on earth we own,
But work and watch as "servants,"
Until our Lord shall come.

Fierce and Wild the Storm is Raging

Fierce and wild the storm is raging
Round a helpless bark
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark!

Joy, O joy, behold the Saviour,
Joy, O joy, the message hear,
"I'll stand by until the morning,
I've come to save you, do not fear.

Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen
Fainting on the deck,
With what joy they'll hail their savior,
As he hails the wreck!

On a wild and stormy ocean,
Sinking 'neath the wave,
Souls that perish heed the message,
Christ has come to save!

Daring death thy soul to rescue,
He in love has come,
Leave the wreck and in Him trusting,
Thou shalt reach thy Home!

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Beyond our Sight

Beyond our sight a city four square lieth,
Above the clouds, the fogs and mists of earth;
And none but souls that Jesus purifieth,
Can see its walls or hear its holy mirth.

Beyond our sight, beyond our night,
Beyond this world's sad story;
That city bright, it stands in light,
The Home of all the holy.

Secure and strong, this Heavenly city, builded
By Christ the Lamb, for all the blood-wash'd
throng,
Gleams fair and bright, with golden glory
gilded,
Forever thrilling with triumphant song.

There, on the throne, the Lamb once slain is
seated;
The Shepherd's joy upon His holy face;
While countless hosts, their warfare all com-
pleted,
In circling bands, lift ceaseless songs of
praise.

O! sorrowing souls, beneath earth's burdens
bending,
Lift up your eyes to yonder City fair;
And through your tears let praise be still
ascending,
For rest and Home, and loved ones waiting
There.

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Spirit so Holy

Spirit so holy, Spirit of Love,
Spirit of Jesus, sent from above;
Priceless possession, purchase of blood,
Good beyond measure, gift of our Lord.

Spirit of Wisdom, Spirit of Light,
Spirit of knowledge showing the right;
Guide us and teach us fully to know,
All that in Jesus, God would bestow.

Spirit so humble, Spirit so meek,
Spirit so gentle, helping the weak;
Work in and through us, make us to be
Lowly and loving, yielding to Thee.

Spirit so spotless, Spirit so white,
Spirit so pure, so truthful and right,
O let Thy presence in us be seen,
Mold us and make us holy and clean.

Spirit of power, Spirit of God;
Spirit of burning, work thro' Thy word;
Search us and sift us, spare not the dross,
Show us that self-life ends at the cross.

Christ hath Redeemed Us

"Christ hath redeemed us;" sing the glad word,

Mercy's sweet message be telling,
How, through the ransom made by His blood,
Christ now within us is dwelling.

"Christ hath redeemed us;" praise to His name!

Praise Him, ye angels in glory;
"Christ hath redeemed us," bearing our shame;
Tell out the wonderful story.

"Christ hath redeemed us," making us free,
Free from the sins that enslaved us;
Never in bondage more can we be,
Trusting in Him who hath saved us.

"Christ hath redeemed us;" we are His own,
Purchased by blood; He will hold us;
Nor will He ever leave us alone,
Safely His arms shall enfold us.

"Christ hath redeemed us;" soon with the throng
Gathered in glory we'll meet Him;
O with what joy we'll join in the song,
When face to face we shall greet Him.

We can do it if we will

Brothers by the Spirit banded
O'er the earth of Christ to tell,
By the Son of God commanded,
“We can do it if we will.”

’Round the world the lost are pleading,
For the light from Zion’s hill,
We can give what they are needing—
“We can do it if we will.”

By the grace of God that sought us.—
By the Spirit here to dwell,
By the precious blood that bought us,—
“We can do it if we will.”

All to Christ for service giving,
Self denied, that He may fill;
In the Holy Spirit living,
“We can do it if we will.”

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Marching On

There's a royal banner given for display
To the soldiers of the King;
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
While as ransomed ones we sing.

Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
Let the standard be displayed;
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
For the truth be not dismayed!

Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known;
Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim His own!

When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near—
It is hastening day by day—
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
And the Cross the world shall sway.

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God Bless You!

"God bless you!" from the heart we sing,
God give to every one His grace;
Till He on high His ransomed bring
To dwell with Him in endless peace.

"God bless you," on your pilgrim way,
Through storm and sunshine guiding still:
His presence guard you day by day,
And keep you safe from every ill.

"God bless you," in this world of strife,
When oft the soul would Homeward fly,
And give the sweetness to your life,
Of waiting for the rest on high.

"God bless you," and the patience give
To walk through life by Jesus' side;
For Him to bear, for Him to live,
And then with Him be glorified.

"God bless us all," and give us rest
When Christ shall come and glory dawn;
Our sun is swinging toward the west,
Life's little day will soon be gone.

Sitting by the Gateway

Sitting by the gateway of a palace fair,
Once a child of God was left to die;
By the world neglected, wealth would nothing share;
See the change awaiting There on high.

Carried by the angels to the land of rest
Music sweetly sounding through the skies;
Welcomed by the Saviour to the Heavenly feast,
Gathered with the loved in Paradise.

What shall be the ending of this life of care?
Oft the question cometh to us all;
Here upon the pathway hard the burdens bear,
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.

Follower of Jesus, scanty though thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures wait on high;
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;
O the change that's coming by and by.

Upward, then, and onward! onward for the Lord;
Time and talent all in His employ;
Small may seem the service, sure the great reward;
Here the cross, but There the crown of joy.

Why Not Now?

While we pray, and while we plead,
While you see your soul's deep need,
While your Father calls you Home,
Will you not, my brother, come?

You have wandered far away;
Do not risk another day;
Do not turn from God your face,
But, to-day, accept His grace.

In the world you've failed to find
Aught of peace for troubled mind;
Come to Christ, on Him believe,
Peace and joy you shall receive.

Come to Christ, confession make;
Come to Christ and pardon take;
Trust in Him from day to day,
He will keep you all the way.

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There is a City Bright

There is a city bright with streets of purest gold,
With jewels on its walls, hung rare and manifold;

Its maker is our God, who, in His love for men,
Has builded for our souls this city free from sin.

And oh! we do desire, that city made of God!
That country better far, than here on earth
we've trod;
That land of life and love, where death can
never come,
The land where Jesus reigns, the saints'
Eternal Home.

Forth from that land of light God sent His only Son,
To come to earth and die for sins that we have done;
And now by faith in Him we have our sins forgiven;
And by the grace of God in Christ are heirs of Heaven.

No language can disclose the joy that it will be
To dwell in glory There, from sin forever free;
To gaze with hearts of love on our Redeemer's face,
And on His brow and hands His love for us to trace.

¶ Precious Heavenly Knowledge

O precious heavenly knowledge,
Surpassing earthly lore;
The love of God in Jesus,
In all its boundless store.

By God's own Word this knowledge
To us has been revealed;
The written word declares it,
Through Him Whom God hath sealed.

By faith we have received it,
This love of God to men;
At Calv'ry we believed it,
When He forgave our sin.

The Spirit in us dwelling,
Bears witness from above;
The gracious message telling,
That God in Christ is love.

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Crowns for the Christian

Crowns, crowns for the Christian, crowns laid
up on high,
Kept there till the Saviour comes down from
the sky;
O triumph and rapture, each saved one may
share,
If waiting for Jesus when He shall appear.

Scarred, wounded, if need be, while bearing
the cross,
Still follow the Master, not counting the loss;
He came from the glory, His life to lay down,
That we, His redeemed ones, might share in
His crown.

Sore pressed in the battle, and often cast down,
Yet onward we struggle, with eyes on the
crown;
On, following Jesus, on, bearing the pain,
With Him gladly suffer, if with Him we reign.

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When Signs in Heaven Abounding

When signs in heaven abounding,
When sea and surge resounding,
When earth in terror rending,
Proclaim the age is ending,
O may I then, redeemed and blest,
Stand clothed in Jesus' righteousness!

When upturned faces paling,
When awful voices wailing,
When man in horror falling,
Shall on his Judge be calling,
O may I then, redeemed and blest,
Stand clothed in Jesus' righteousness!

When God in wrath shall waken,
When Heaven and earth are shaken,
When stars in darkness ending,
Are through the air descending,
O may I then, redeemed and blest,
Stand clothed in Jesus's righteousness!

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Christ is All

Bowing down with grief and sorrow,
Conscious of our guilt and sin,
Hear the Spirit gently whisper,
“Christ is all,” oh, trust in Him.

Christ is all, oh, tell the story;
Christ is all, repeat the song;
All the kingdom, power and glory,
To our risen Lord belong.

Is it pardon and forgiveness,
Stains of guilt all washed away?
To the cross the Spirit leads us,
“Christ is all,” we hear Him say.

Is it power for inward cleansing,
Victory over sin to gain?
Jesus’ blood gives strength and healing,
“Christ is all,” breaks every chain.

Would we know how God the Father,
Looks upon us from the throne?
See the Saviour there beside Him,
“Christ is all,” in Him we’re known.

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In Jesus' Face

The living God, Who by His might
Spake but the word and there was light,
Hath promised now to show His grace
To sinful men, in Jesus' face.

This mighty Christ, so strong and true,
Has come from God, His work to do;
He comes with power the soul to save,
To give the victory o'er the grave.

In Jesus' face our God we know,
And trust in Him to bear us through;
He will not leave us to defeat,
But make our victory complete.

When darkness gives the soul distress,
When sorrows on our pathway press,
One look at Him will clouds displace,
While comfort beams from Jesus' face.

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Preach the Gospel

Preach the gospel, sound it forth,
Tell of free and full salvation;
Spread the tidings o'er the earth,
Go to every tribe and nation.

Preach the gospel full of joy,
While on grace and mercy dwelling;
Heart and soul in full employ,
As the story you are telling.

Preach the gospel full of love,
Christ's compassion fully knowing;
Seek the power from above,
While His great compassion showing.

Preach the gospel as if God
Sinners lost, through you were seeking:
His salvation through the word,
Speak as if the Lord were speaking.

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All We like Sheep

When my heart with sin was burdened,
And I wandered far from God,
What a light shone in my darkness,
By the entrance of His word.

How could I so vile and sinful,
To a Holy God be brought?
Jesus, here revealed as Saviour,
Gave the answer I had sought.

Now my heart is free from burden,
Now I love and praise the Lord;
And rejoice to do His bidding,
Saved, by trusting in His word.

Copyright, 1884, by James McGlashan.

Jesus of Nazareth

"Jesus of Nazareth!" O what a name!
Let us rejoice and His glory proclaim;
Saviour and Keeper, forever the same,
Shepherd, Redeemer, and Lord.

Jesus of Nazareth! truly a man,
Low in a cradle His life He began,
Lived before God, both in pattern and plan,
Righteous, obedient One.

Jesus of Nazareth! nailed to the tree,
Dying, that we by His death might be free,
Bearing the curse all for you and for me,
Dying a ransom for all.

Jesus of Nazareth! raised from the dead,
Spotless and holy, and still in our stead,
Made for us ever our glorified Head,
Raised from the dead for us all.

Jesus of Nazareth! seated on high,
Sending the Spirit of grace to apply
Life through the word unto men far and nigh,
Off'ring salvation to all.

Jesus of Nazareth! earth's coming King,
Peace to the warring world soon He shall
bring,
Nations of saved ones His praises shall sing;
All shall bow down at His name.

Our Mighty Fortress

Within our mighty Fortress, redeemed and
saved we sing,

The praise of Christ the Saviour, Immanuel our
King:

His love has stood for ages, aye, from eternity,
A Fortress and a refuge, where helpless ones
might flee.

Refrain—O strong and mighty Fortress, God's
changeless love and grace,
Firm as the hills eternal, is this our
resting place.

Though storms may rage around thee, the
waves break on thy shore,

Yet none who seek thy shelter shall feel their
fury more.

Thy battlements uplifted have stood from age
to age,

With welcome for the sinner, with scorn for
Satan's rage.

When marching o'er the desert, a fainting,
toiling band,

How grateful then thy shadow, Rock in a
weary land;

Here found we sweet refreshment from foun-
tains flowing pure,

Here found we peace and safety, from every
foe secure.

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© Glorious Morning

O glorious morning when Jesus awoke,
When death's dark dominion He broke,
When vict'ry He gained over Satan and hell,
And angels, rejoicing, His triumph did tell.

O glorious morning, when Jesus arose,
And sent the glad message that conquers our
foes!

O tidings so blessed, the Lamb that was slain,
Now liveth forever in glory to reign.

O glad, joyful morn, the sunbeams burst forth,
From Christ's empty tomb to give light to the
earth;

A dawning of day that shall ne'er know a night,
For Christ has arisen, the Life and the Light.

With wings of the light, o'er the land, o'er the
wave,

Go tell the glad tidings, He liveth to save,
Till, sweeter and louder, the earth takes the
strain,

And millions of voices sing forth the refrain.

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Two Gates, Two Ways

Two gates, two ways, two paths for all,
And all therein must go;
Each soul on earth is making choice
Of life, or endless woe.

An open gate, a broadened way,
An easy, flowery path;
And souls unwary throng therein,
But oh! it ends in wrath.

A straightened gate, a narrow way,
A path the saints have trod;
A light to guide by night and day,
And oh! it leads to God.

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Look to Jesus

When the waves of sorrow roll,
And thy tears thou wouldst restrain,
Think of Christ the Lord of all,
Look to Jesus in thy pain.

If convicted of thy sin,
And its pardon thou wouldst have,
None but Christ can make thee clean;
Look to Jesus, He can save.

Whatso'er thy lot in life,
Whatso'er may thee befall,
Be it peace or be it strife,
Look to Jesus through it all.

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Full Assurance

Drawing near with full assurance;
Ah, my soul, how can it be?
How canst thou, condemned and sinful,
Think of God as near to thee?

He is faithful that has promised;
Here my soul has found its rest;
And by fully trusting Jesus,
With assurance I am blest.

So I come, my sins confessing,
Boldly come, without a fear;
All my right in Christ possessing,
To the Father "drawing near."

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Firmly Stand

Firmly stand, ye ransomed band;
See the earth by fire is fanned,
 God the wheat is sifting:
Humbly praying, faithful band,
Sword of truth within thy hand,
 Jesus Christ uplifting.

Watchful stand, ye ransomed band;
Enemies spread o'er the land,
 God and truth defying.
Count no foe of God thy friend,
Every word of God defend,
 Jesus ne'er denying.

Hopeful stand, ye ransomed band,
Lo, the King is near at hand,
 Day of God is nearing;
Oh, the rapture of that morn!
All of night forever gone,
 Jesus then appearing.

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Who Will Go Forth?

Over fields that are white for the harvest—
That are waving with ripe golden grain,
Hear the Lord of the harvest entreating—
He is calling for reapers again.

Sowing time, He has said, now is over,
Both the Spring and the Summer are past,
And the Lord, forth is sending the reapers,
So that none of His sowing be lost.

O the bright golden days of the harvest,
Soon will end to return nevermore,
Soon the night o'er the earth will have fallen,
And all work for the reapers be o'er.

Then the Sower and Reaper together
Shall rejoice o'er the souls they have won;
They shall each from the lips of the Master
Hear the final glad welcome, "Well done."

O who to the Lord will make
answer,
"Here am I, here am I, send me,"
O who will go forth to the harvest,
For the Master a reaper to be?

Believe

I believed in God's wonderful mercy and
grace,

Believed in the smile of His reconciled face,
Believed in His message of pardon and peace;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

Believe! and the feeling may come or may go,
Believe in the word, that was written to show
That all who believe their salvation may know;
Believe, and keep right on believing.

I believed in the word of my crucified Lord,
Believed in redemption alone through His
blood,
Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word:
I believed, and I keep on believing.

I believed in the heart that was opened for me,
Believed in the love flowing blessed and free,
Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

I believed in Himself, as the true Living One,
Believed in His presence on high on the
throne,
Believed in His coming in glory full soon;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

My Saviour Tells Me So

How do I know my sins forgiven?

 My Saviour tells me so!

That now I am an heir of Heaven?

 My Saviour tells me so!

Away with doubt, away with fear,

 When this by faith I know;

God's word shall stand for evermore:

 My Saviour tells me so.

Believe and thou shalt surely live:

 My Saviour tells me so!

The Spirit's witness God will give:

 My Saviour tells me so.

Though rough the way, I shall endure;

 My Saviour tells me so!

His sheep are ever kept secure:

 My Saviour tells me so.

How do I know I'll live again?

 My Saviour tells me so!

With Christ in glory I shall reign,

 My Saviour tells me so.

Redemption Ground

Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And bro't thee to redemption ground.

Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war;
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.

O joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary;
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;
I sang upon redemption ground.

No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.

Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest;
The Christ who died by God is crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

Jesus is Coming

Jesus is coming! sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by His blood;
Coming to reign as the glorified Lord!
 Jesus is coming again!

Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies.

 Jesus is coming again!

Jesus is coming! His saints to release:
Coming to give to the warring earth peace;
Sinning and sighing, and sorrow, shall cease,
 Jesus is coming again!

Jesus is coming! the promise is true;
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,
Waiting and watching, prepared for review?
 Jesus is coming again!

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Saved to Serve

Going forth at Christ's command,
Going forth to every land;
Full salvation making known,
Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.

Serving God through all our days,
Toiling not for purse or praise;
But to magnify His name,
While the gospel we proclaim.

Seeking only souls to win,
From the deadly power of sin;
We would guide their steps aright,
Out of darkness into light.

"Saved to serve!" the watchword ring,
"Saved to serve," our glorious King;
Tell the story o'er and o'er,
"Saved to serve" forever more.

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Let me Die like a Christian

NOTE.—This hymn was suggested by the dying words of Mrs. Van Deusen, of Sprout Brook, N. Y., who was burned to death in a wreck on the Michigan Central R. R., at Battle Creek, October 1893. When it was found that she could not be removed from the burning timbers that held her fast in the car, she said to those about her, "I'm not afraid to die. Tell them all, I can die like a Christian."

Let the message go forth,
Send it over the earth,
Sounding clearly and sweetly,
Proclaiming the worth
Of a faith that can say,
Meeting death on the way,
"Tell them all, I can die like a Christian."

Unto Him who destroyed,
All the sting death employed
Making fully and justly
The death sentence void;
Let us come while we may
That in death we can say,
"Tell them all, I can die like a Christian."

If we trust in His blood, .
If we own Him as Lord,
Resurrection and glory
Shall come thro' His word;
And in death we may sing
By the grace of Death's King,
"Tell them all, I can die like a Christian."

Neither do I Condemn Thee

“Neither do I condemn thee,”—

O words of wondrous grace;
Thy sins were borne upon the cross,
Believe, and go in peace.

“Neither do I condemn thee,”

O sing it o'er and o'er;
“Neither do I condemn thee,
Go, and sin no more.”

“Neither do I condemn thee,”—

For there is therefore now
No condemnation for thee,
As at the cross you bow.

“Neither do I condemn thee,”—

I came not to condemn;
I came from God to save thee,
And turn thee from thy sin.

“Neither do I condemn thee,”—

O praise the God of grace;
O praise His Son our Saviour.
For this His word of peace.

Copyright, 1885, by James McGlashan.

The Sons of God

Sons of God, beloved in Jesus!
O the wondrous word of grace;
In His Son the Father sees us,
And as sons He gives us place.

Blessèd hope now brightly beaming,
On our God we soon shall gaze;
And in light celestial gleaming,
We shall see our Saviour's face.

By the power of grace transforming,
We shall then His image bear;
Christ His promised word performing,
We shall then His glory share.

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Going Home

Our way is often rugged
While here on earth we roam,
And thorns are in the pathway:
But we are going Home.

To Marah's bitter waters
We oft have murmur'ring come,
But God the cup has sweetened;
And so we're going Home.

When of the desert weary,
Our God His grace has shown,
By resting us at Elim,
With sweet foretastes of Home.

With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan,
But fed by heavenly manna
We still are going Home.

Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley,
But all are going Home.

Satisfied

Soul of mine, in earthly temple,
 Why not here content abide?
Why are thou forever pleading?
 Why art thou not satisfied?

Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
 To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?
 Why are thou not satisfied?

Soul of mine, must I surrender,
 See myself as crucified;
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
 That thou mayest be satisfied?

Soul of mine, continue pleading;
 Sin rebuke, and folly chide:
I accept the cross of Jesus,
 That thou mayest be satisfied.

Copyright, 1879, by James McGrawham.

Not My Own

“Not my own!” but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood,
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord.

“Not my own!” to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Ev’rything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

“Not my own!” my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

“Not my own!” the Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in Heav’n shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

Copyright, 1873, by James McGahan.

Sadly from the Field of Conflict

Sadly from the field of conflict, where the
wounded and the slain
Lay with pale and upturned faces, some in
peace and some in pain;
Slow we bore a dying soldier, who had fallen
in the fight,
And to us he faintly whispered, "Comrades,
let me sleep to-night."

On the ground we softly laid him, thinking, "he
no more will wake,"
When, with eyelids widely open, pointing up-
ward, thus he spake:
"Comrades, listen! don't you hear it, hear the
roll call There on high?
Hark! my name the Saviour's calling,—Jesus,
Captain, here am I."

O from many a field of battle, earnest prayer
has gone to God,
From the lips of dying soldiers, as their life
blood drenched the sod;
And to many came the message, "Son, thy
sins are all forgiven,"
And their souls with joy responded when the
roll was called in Heaven.

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A Little While

"A little while!" and He shall come;
The hour draws on apace,
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
When we shall see His face:
How light our trials then will seem!
How short our pilgrim way!
Our life on earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day!

"A little while!" with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask, "How long?"
For how can I with such a hope
Of glory and of Home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan?

Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue!
Be calm, my troubled breast!
Each passing hour is hast'ning on
The everlasting rest:

Thou knowest well—the time thy God
 Appoints for thee is best;
The morning star will soon arise;
 The glow is in the East.

Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly
 come,
In glory and in light!
Come take Thy longing children
 Home,
And end earth's weary night!

Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

The Voice on the Sea

Life once was a mystery awful to me,
Fearful and strange as a dark boundless sea,
And I thought of myself as a soul on the deep,
Ever crying, "Ah, who shall my frail vessel
keep?"

O sweet was the voice sounding over the sea,
"The light of the world" thy Pilot shall be;
I am come o'er the wave through the storm
and the night
To meet with the soul that is seeking the light.

O sweet was the voice that came calling to me,
And fair was the form of my Saviour to see,
As through the deep waters and tempest He
came,
To save the lost soul that had called on His
name.

O life is no longer a myst'ry to me,
Jesus I take as my Pilot to be,
His Word is the chart where my course is
made clear.
And with Him at the helm now no danger I fear.

Christ now is my life, and 'tis joyous to be
Sailing with Him safely on o'er the sea;
With the calm of His presence my spirit is
filled,
The winds are all hushed, and the waters are
stilled.

Copyright, 1895, by Mrs. W. R. Moody.

Blessed Hope

Blessed hope that in Jesus is given,
In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
That soon in the mansions of Heaven,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

Blessed hope in the word God has spoken,
All our peace by that word we obtain;
And as sure as God's word was ne'er broken,
We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Blessed hope! how it shines in our sorrow,
Like the star over Bethlehem's plain,
That it may be, with Him, ere the morrow,
We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Blessed hope! the bright star of the morning,
That shall herald His coming to reign;
O the glory that waits its fair dawning
When we meet with our lov'd ones again.

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Like Men That Wait

"Like men that wait;" pass on the word,
The warning word, ye men of God;
Though dangers press, though foes may hate,
Still firmly stand, like men that wait.

"Like men that wait," endure the scorn;
The Master once all this hath borne;
'Tis trial now, and sorrow great,
But bear it all, like them that wait.

"Like men that wait," tho' night surround,
And fainting hearts are all around;
He tarries long, the hour is late;
Now gird your loins, like men that wait.

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L.C.C.

Be Ye Kind to One Another

“Be ye kind to one another,” thus hath said
our blessed Lord,
Let us seek His gracious Spirit, that we may
obey His word.
O what sorrow oft we’ve given to the friends
we’ve loved most dear,
And what grief to Christ in Heaven, by the
harsh words spoken here.

“Be ye kind to one another;” brief the life
that here we live;
Tears are all around us flowing, comfort let us
strive to give;
Shed thy tears alone with Jesus, all thy trouble
to Him bring,
Then with smiles for all around thee, shed
forth sunshine for the King.

“Be ye kind to one another;” soon the parting
hour will come,
Then, what sadness to remember, how we’ve
marred the earthly home;

How we oft by lack of kindness, cheerless left
an aching heart,
And by selfish word, or action, caused the
silent tear to start.

“Be ye kind to one another;” Jesus thus is
glorified,
For He saith that His disciples are by this
identified;
“God is love,” and from His children naught
but love should ever flow,
That the love of God our Saviour this sad world
might fully know.

Copyright, 1835, by D. B. Towner.

Like the Bird

Like the bird with weary wing,
Far from home when night is nigh,
Bruised and blinded amid the storm,—
Such, O Lord, it seems am I.

Like the flowers that bloom and fade,
Like the winds that sob and sigh,
Like the fluttering, falling leaf,
Such, O Lord, it seems am I.

Like the river ne'er at rest,
Onward flowing night and day,
Like the bubble on its breast,
Such, O Lord, it seems am I.

Like the worm that creeps the earth,
Waiting wings to Heavenward fly,
Longing for its glorious birth,
Such, O Lord, it seems am I.

Copyright, 1883, by James McGrahan.

Praise, O Praise Jehovah

Praise, O praise Jehovah,
Earth and sea and skies;
Softly let the echo
Of our praises rise.

Sweetest praises sing,
To our Heavenly King.

It is good to praise Thee,
Lord of earth and Heaven,
Thou for us hast suffered,
Thou Thy life hast given.
Only good art Thou,
Gladly here we bow.

Thee, O Christ, we honour,
'Tis of Thee we sing;
Louder still and sweeter
Shall Thy praises ring.
Holy, Heavenly Lord,
Be by all adored.

Copyright, 1833, by James McGrahan.

There's a Home That is Waiting for You, Friend

There's a Home that is waiting for you, friend,
That the Saviour has gone to prepare:
It's a Home where no sorrow or sin, friend,
Those who enter will evermore share.

Long ago, when the Saviour was here, friend,
Then He spoke of the joy of that Home;
By His death He has opened the way, friend,
For all who are willing to come.

Then to-day, when the Saviour invites, friend,
In His love and His bountiful grace,
Will you not peace and pardon accept, friend,
And secure in yon Mansion a place?

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Take the Step

Brother, at the threshold standing,

 See you not the open door,

See you not the hand extended,

 Reaching out to help you o'er?

See the banquet hall of mercy,

 See thy seat that vacant stands,

Think of loved ones waiting for thee,

 See them now with beckoning hands!

Keep thy Lord no longer waiting,

 He hath died thy soul to win,

Let His love, thy heart constraining,

 Lead thee now to enter in.

Just a step, will you not take it,

 While in prayer to God we bow,

Will you not, your sins forsaking,

 Trust in Christ, and trust Him now?

Copyright, 1888, by J. H. Burke.

Complete in Him

“Complete in Him!” oh, precious word!
May we by faith receive it,
That all our sins are put away,
Alone by Jesus’ merit.

“Complete in Him!” While here below,
With enemies contending;
His mighty power we daily find
His weakest child defending.

“Complete in Him!” Though trials dark
May often gather o’er us,
With faith and love we clasp the hand
Of Him who goes before us.

“Complete in Him” for all things here,
Where we the cross are bearing;
And soon for aye complete in Him,
The crown we shall be wearing.

Copyright, 1885, by James McGranahan.

As I Am

As I am, O Jesus, take me,
I no longer will rebel:
Let Thy Holy Spirit break me,
And within me ever dwell.

Take me, Lord, as Thou hast found me,
Guilty, vile and far from Thee,
Satan's fetters fastened round me,
Take me, Lord, and make me free.

Break me, Lord, from love of sinning,
Break, O break my stubborn will,
Now the work of grace beginning,
Let Thy love my spirit fill.

Make me, Lord, what Thou wouldest have me,
Make me like Thyself to be,
Make me pure and make me holy,
Consecrated unto Thee.

Copyright, 1888, by J. H. Burke.

Closer to Thee

O Jesus, my Lord and my Saviour,
A rock and a refuge to me;
I long to be drawn by Thy favor
Still closer and closer to Thee.

Let peace in Thy presence possess me,
A peace that abiding shall be;
And when my temptations distress me,
O draw me still closer to Thee.

When close to Thy side I am keeping,
My pathway is mark'd out by Thee;
And rich are the fields for my reaping,
While closer and closer to Thee.

And when my life's journey is ending,
The waves of the river I see;
Let angels, from glory descending,
My spirit bear, closer to Thee.

Copyright, 1883, by P. Bilbom

To Live is Christ

To live is Christ; henceforth for me
My own desire, His face to see;
Morn, noon and night, before His throne,
He fills my heart with joy alone.

To live is Christ, He died for me,
And from my sins hath set me free;
Himself the prize, Himself the goal,
That speeds my steps and fills my soul.

Where'er I go may Christ be seen,
That all may know with Him I've been;
Although it bring reproach and shame,
He'll keep me true to His blest name.

From where He is, in glory There,
I watch for Him to soon appear;
The little while will soon be gone,
And I shall see His face ere long.

Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.

Let Us Go Forth

The call of God is sounding clear,
O Christian, let it reach thine ear;
Endeavor now of souls to bring
A band, to love and serve the King.

Let us go forth, as called of God,
Redeemed by Jesus's precious blood;
His love to show, His life to live,
His message speak, His mercy give.

The Christ of God to glorify,
His grace in us to magnify;—
His word of life to all make known,
Be this our work, and this alone.

Copyright, 1891, by James McGranahan.

Beseechings of Jesus

O tender beseechings of Jesus!
How sweetly they fall on the ear!
O gospel of grace and of kindness,
God's love and compassion brought near!

Is the Spirit of Jesus now striving?
His warning, my brother, obey;
Resist not His gracious beseeching,
O grieve not the Saviour away.

Beseeching in love for our Saviour,
Unworthy we pray in His stead;
Believe in the word of forgiveness,
Accept of the ransom He made.

Beseeching His blood-bought, His ransomed,
Your bodies to Him gladly yield,
That, in you, and through you, and by you,
His grace may be fully revealed.

Beseeching the saints to be holy,
Filled always with meekness and love;
Like Jesus so gentle and lowly,
Reflecting the light from above.

Beseeching that all for His Coming
Unshaken may ever remain,
And stand with the saved and the chosen,
With Him in His glorious reign.

Sin No More

Sin no more! thy soul is free,
Christ has died to ransom thee;
Now the power of sin is o'er,
Jesus bids thee "sin no more."

Sin no more! but closely keep
Near the Hand that guards the sheep;
Shun the snares that lured before,
Trembling go, and sin no more.

Sin no more! His blood hath bought,
Think on what His love hath wrought;
Think of what for thee He bore,
Weeping go, and sin no more.

Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan.

Firmly Stand

"Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of
His might,"

Firmly standing for the truth of His word;
He shall lead you safely through the thickest
of the fight,
You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

"Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of
His might,"

Never turning from the face of the foe;
He will surely by you stand, as you battle for
the right,
In the power of His might, onward go.

"Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of
His might,"

For His promises shall never, never fail;
By thy right hand He'll hold thee while bat-
tling for the right,
Trusting Him thou shalt for evermore pre-
vail.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

I Will!

Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the meetings in that city October, 1883.

Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, through the Word,

Is offered full and free;
And now, O Lord, I must, I must decide;
Shall I accept of Thee?

By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,
Thy love my heart hath won;
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe,
And trust in Thee alone!

Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am,
And how I fear to stray;
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—
The strength Thou must supply!

To all who came, when Thou wast here below,
And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"
To them "I will!" was ever Thy reply;
We rest upon it now.

Come Unto Me, and Rest

Brother, art thou worn and weary,
Tempted, tried, and sore oppressed?
Listen to the word of Jesus,
“Come unto me, and rest!”

Oh, He knows the dark forebodings
Of the conscience-troubled breast;
And to such His word is given,
“Come unto me, and rest!”

To the Lord bring all your burden,
Put the promise to the test:
Hear Him say, your Burden-Bearer,
“Come unto me, and rest!”

If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely, then, to you He whispers,
“Come unto me, and rest!”

Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why, then, fear when He is saying,
“Come unto me, and rest!”

The Secret of True Joy

I've found the life of truest joy;
 My heart is overflowing;
By day and night my glad employ,
 This secret to be showing.

Once selfish joy I vainly tried,
 And sought the world for pleasure,
Now, self with Christ is crucified,
 And He is all my treasure.

With "Christ as in the Father," known,
 The Spirit, God revealeth;
Then our acceptance in the Son
 His word of promise sealeth.

But oh! the truth that makes me free,
 Is like a well up-springing;
The living Christ now lives in me,
 And fills my soul with singing.

Copyright, 1900, by May Whittle Moody.

He is not here

Oh, day of awful story—Jesus is dead!
Sad end to hope and glory—Jesus is dead!

A weary night of weeping—Jesus is dead!
A night that knew no sleeping—Jesus is dead!

A day in sorrow dawning—Jesus is dead!
A sad and gloomy morning—Jesus is dead!

Behold, the stone is rolled away!
And shining ones have come to say,
“He is not here, but is risen!”
The night of death is past and gone,
Arise and greet the glorious morn!
“He is not here, but is risen!”

Copyright, 1884, by James McGlashan.

We've Sighted the Golden Gate

Suggested on seeing the "Golden Gate," San Francisco Harbor.

Our hearts are filled with joy to-day,
We've sighted the Golden Gate;
Its light is beaming o'er our way,
We've sighted the Golden Gate.

Tossed on the sea we've sighed for home,
O'er oceans wide for this we've come;
The voyage now is almost done,
We've sighted the Golden Gate.

They've signaled us from off the land,
We've sighted the Golden Gate;
Our friends are gath'ring on the strand,
We've sighted the Golden Gate;
That we of entrance should not fail,
We answered to the Pilot's hail;
With Him on board we safely sail,
We've sighted the Golden Gate.

How light the trials that have come,
We've sighted the Golden Gate;
Forgotten now in sight of Home,
We've sighted the Golden Gate.

The storms and clouds will soon be past,
Then sheltered safe from every blast,
With sails all furled and anchor cast,
 We've sighted the Golden Gate.

Our God with grateful hearts to Thee,
 We've sighted the Golden Gate;
Once lost on life's tempestuous sea,
 We've sighted the Golden Gate.
Our Lord and Saviour, soon at Home,
The grace that saved we'll gladly own;
'Twas all of grace and that alone,
 We've sighted the Golden Gate.

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We Thank Thee, Lord

Deut. 8:23.

We thank Thee, Lord, for pilgrim days,
 Across the desert sand,
For there we learned to know and praise
 Our Father's guiding hand.

We thank Thee, Lord, for loneliness,
 Beneath the desert sky;
For there we learned Thy ways to trace;
 As silent stars swept by.

We thank Thee, Lord, for midnight fear,
 For wilderness alarm;
For there we learned that Thou art near,
 When aught Thy saints would harm.

We thank Thee, Lord, for lack of bread,
 For pillows made of stone;
For then we were by manna fed,
 And slept beneath Thy throne.

We thank Thee, Lord, for parching thirst,
 When desert wells were dry;
For there we saw the fountain, Christ,
 That gave us full supply.

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Christ is Coming Again

Lord Jesus, how long shall the groans and the
sighs

From the sin-burdened earth continue to rise?
How long shall the curse Thy creation oppress,
How long ere in mercy Thou comest to bless?

Lord Jesus, how long ere the night shall have
end,

And the beams of Thy glory o'er earth shall
descend?

The wilderness bloom and the desert rejoice,
And creation with singing lift up its glad voice?

Lord Jesus, not long, soon the morning will
come;

Then Thy voice from the skies shall call Thy
saints Home;

The throne of Thy glory exalted shall be,
And the beauty of Zion all nations shall see.

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One as Much as Another

Lev. 7:10.

“One as much as another,”
This is the law of grace,
This is the full provision
Within the holy place;
The place of full acceptance,
Redeemed by Jesus’ blood,
And made by faith God’s children,
According to His word.

“One as much as another,”
In Christ the Father knows;
And so to each the Father
An equal love bestows.
The gifts of each may vary,
Their graces differ wide,
But love to all as children
Will never be denied.

“One as much as another,”
From sin Christ comes to keep,
The living Lord of glory,
The Shepherd of His sheep.

Each one by name He calleth,
And Homeward brings them on;
He seeks the one that falleth,
And loves them every one.

“One as much as another,”
The sheepfold is for all
Who hear the voice of Jesus,
And follow at His call;
And so the Home in glory
For all has one sweet song,
To Him Who loved and saved us
We every one belong.

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Jesus Christ Our Saviour

Who came down from heaven to earth?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
Came a child of lowly birth?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Refrain—Sound the chorus loud and clear,
 He hath brought salvation near.
None so precious, none so dear,
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Who was lifted on the tree?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
There to ransom you and me?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Who hath promised to forgive?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
Who hath said, “Believe and live”?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Who again from Heaven shall come?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
Take to glory all His own?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Christ is My Redeemer

How sweet the joy that fills my soul:
 Christ is my Redeemer;
His precious blood has made me whole:
 Christ is my Redeemer;
My sins were all upon Him laid,
A full atonement He hath made,
For me He hath the ransom paid:
 Christ is my Redeemer.

Though Satan oft my way oppose,
 Christ is my Redeemer;
With this I boldly meet my foes:
 Christ is my Redeemer;
'Twas this that gave me life and light,
'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright:
 Christ is my Redeemer.

When trials come I still confess,
 Christ is my Redeemer;
He gives me grace each care to bless:
 Christ is my Redeemer;
He guides and keeps me day by day,

He closer comes when dark the way,
He doth with this my fears allay;
Christ is my Redeemer;

The victory by this I gain,
Christ is my Redeemer;
By this I break sin's galling chain :
Christ is my Redeemer;
And if He tarry and I sleep,
My dying hour this hope shall keep,
That when He comes the grave to reap,
He'll be my Redeemer.

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All's Clear up Aloft

A fog had settled down on the Clyde. The passengers on a steamer were filled with fear at the rate of speed maintained. At length they went forward and called to the captain on the bridge, and remonstrated with him. They received the reply: "All's clear up aloft. The fog is on the surface of the river. There is no danger."

"All's clear up aloft," said the Captain true,
As fearlessly onward he sped;
"No fog is up here, it is all below,
The sunshine's just over our head."

"All's clear up aloft," for the Lord, our Light,
Our strength, and our Refuge and Song,
Is there in command thro' the day and the
night,
My Captain so true and so strong.

"All's clear up aloft," all is safe below,
Though fogs and though mists may prevail;
With eye all undimed, stands the Captain true,
To guide us as onward we sail.

"All's clear up aloft," for, with Him on high,
The dark is the same as the light;
He knows all the perils and dangers nigh;
His beacon shines on in the night.

Still Waiting

Still waiting on Time's narrow strand,
Once more one another we greet;
Oh, heart-felt the touch of each hand
As closing our ranks, we still meet.

Still waiting to witness for Him
By life, and by deed, and by word;
The message of life to proclaim,
Redemption alone by His blood.

Still waiting, as sentinels wait,
Who watch till the morning appear,
Rejoicing the day-star to greet,
Well knowing the dawning is near.

Still waiting, oft weary and faint,
Oft sighing that light is so dim;
But, quickly forgetting complaint,
With joy that we suffer for Him.

Still waiting, with hope undismayed,
For Heaven, and glory, and Home;
Still trusting the word that He said,
And watching for Jesus to come.

Afterward

Christian, so weary and faint on the road,
Seeking thy blessed Redeemer's abode,
Darkness around thee and heavy thy load,
Afterward, afterward, list to the word.

Courage, then, Christian, and still pressing on,
Keep to the pathway though daylight be gone;
Soon o'er the mountain shall burst the glad sun,
Afterward, afterward, cometh the dawn.

What though the tempest awhile may alarm,
Wild winds assail thee and threaten to harm?
Keep by thy Saviour's omnipotent arm,
Afterward, afterward, cometh the calm.

What though the pestilence draw to thee nigh?
What though the arrows to kill thee may fly?
Sheltered in Jesus, they all shall pass by,
Afterward, afterward, glory on high.

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Fix Your Eyes upon Jesus

Would you lose your load of sin?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

Would you know God's peace within?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Would you calmly walk the wave?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

Would you know His power to save?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Would you have your cares grow light?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

Would you songs have in the night?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Grieving, would you comfort know?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

Humble be when blessings flow?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Would you strength in weakness have?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

See a light beyond the grave?

 Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

II Thirst

"I thirst, I thirst," the Saviour cried,
When on the cross for us He died.
My soul, that thirst was all for thee,
For thee the pain and agony.

O shame and pain beyond compare,
That on the cross our Saviour bare:
The parchèd lips, the thorny crown,
The breaking heart, the Father's frown!

O Christ, O Lord, Thou Son of God!
Didst Thou for me thus give Thy blood?
For me Thy soul an offering made,
My sin and guilt upon Thee laid?

I thirst, I thirst, O Lord, for Thee:
Drawn by the thirst Thou hadst for me;
My heart I yield, my life I give,
And thirst henceforth for Thee to live.

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No More

"No more the curse," O Christ, we praise
Thee,
Thy blood the triumph wins;
The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee
Hath put away our sins.

"No more the pain" and careworn faces,
No forms bowed with disease;
O'er all the earth the Lord replaces
His Paradise of Peace.

"No more of night," the day is dawning:
The Lord is drawing near;
With Him shall come the longed-for morning
When night shall disappear.

"No more the curse," no more the crying,
All thirst and hunger o'er;
No more the night, no more the dying,
No tears or sorrow more.

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I Know Whom I Have Believed

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known,
Nor why—unworthy—Christ in love
Redeemed me for His own.

But "I know whom I have believèd,
And am persuaded that he is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto him against that day."

I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His word
Wrought peace within my heart.

I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus, through the word,
Creating faith in Him.

I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see.

I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noonday fair,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him,
Or "meet Him in the air."

I May Know

I may know that my sins are forgiven,
If to Jesus I truly have been,
And believed that He came down from Heaven,
And died to atone for my sin.

I may know that by Christ I'm accepted,
When I know in my heart that I yield,
And that He as the Lord, once rejected,
Is now by God's Spirit revealed.

I may know that my Saviour is guiding
And keeping me safely each day,
As I in His presence confiding
Seek ever to walk in His way.

I may know that His footprints before me
Will be found in each pathway I tread,
And that ever in tenderness o'er me
His wings of protection are spread.

I may know that a mansion in glory
I with the Redeemed ones shall share,
For this is the wonderful story,
That mansion He's gone to prepare.

Sing the Sweet Praises

Full of sweet melody filling my soul
Is the name of my Saviour to me;
I love Him, and praise Him, for making me
whole,
I love in His presence to be.

Then sing the sweet praises of Jesus my Lord,
Let Jesus alone be the theme;
With harp and with organ and voice in accord,
Make known our Redeemer's dear name.

Songs lose all their sweetness where Christ is
not praised,
And life without Him has no light;
That I, far away, have once lived I'm amazed,
How could I have chosen such night!

I care not for singing unless in my song
I can think of my Lord and my King;
The sweeter the music, the more I would long
My Saviour to praise as I sing.

"Full of sweet melody, Jesus alone;
There's no other music like this.
Angels from glory unite in the tune,
And earth feels a foretaste of bliss.

Gethsemane

My Saviour, I have tried
 To walk Thy ways;
To be as crucified
 To this world's praise.
But O, the way seems long;
 My heart is weak;
The enemies are strong,
 My life they seek.

Upon me loved ones cling;
 They look to me
To help them bear the sting
 And bow to Thee.
And I—I stand alone;
 My strength is small;
O help, Thou Mighty One,
 Or I shall fall.

My Saviour, Thou hast known
 This that I bear;
Remember Olive's groan
 And midnight prayer.

The angels from above
Came down to Thee;
O let them in Thy love
Come unto me.

Not for myself I plead
To 'scape from care,
But, grace in time of need,
The pain to bear.
Not from the battlefield
Would I depart,
But, God of battles, yield
Strength to my heart.

My fainting spirit raise
My heart inspire;
To sing aloud Thy praise
Amid the fire.
To say, "Thy will be done,"
Whate'er the loss,
And, for Thy sake alone,
To bear the cross.

The Calling of God

Called out of darkness, and called into light;
Given for blindness a glorious sight;
Called out of bondage, and called to be free,
Children of holiness ever to be.

Called from the old life, and called to the new,
Out of the false life and into the true;
Called out of hatred, and called into love,
Filled with the Spirit of Christ from above.

Called from the guilty, and called into peace,
Ransom provided freely by grace:
Called from defilement, and called to be white,
Cleansed and made meet for the mansions of
light.

The Precious Blood

The precious blood of Jesus shows
God's wondrous love to me;
That love in fulness ever flows
When Jesus' blood I see.

The precious blood of Jesus shows
How sinful I have been;
Condemned, unholy in God's sight,
With heart and life unclean.

The precious blood of Jesus shows
The holiness of God;
To justify, He must be just,
Our sins demanded blood.

The precious blood of Jesus shows
Salvation all of grace;
To trust in merit of our own
Would God's dear Son displace.

They Worshiped Him

O wondrous scene on Olive's brow,
When Christ from earth ascending,
Looked on the chosen band below,
In lowly worship bending.

They worshiped Him! they worshiped Him!
Their risen Lord in glory;
And then with joy they all went forth
To tell His wondrous story.

They worshiped Him as "Son of God,"
"The Lamb" for sinners given,
"The Shepherd" smitten for the flock,
"The Lord" of earth and Heaven.

They worshiped Him, their hearts aflame,
With holiest affection,
As, gazing on the nail-pierced hands,
They heard His benediction.

They worshiped Him! O may we thus,
His glory apprehending,
Behold Him, living now for us,
His blessing still descending.

May naught beside our hearts entice
To artful-made emotion,
But love for Christ alone suffice
To kindle dull devotion.

A Winter Sunset

The fleecy clouds, like pennants, swing
Across the clear blue sky,
While evening star and crescent moon
Hang all their lamps on high.

Along the west a warm glow spreads,
Of crimson and of gold,
While purple hills lift up their heads,
The glory to behold.

The trees stand calm with branches bare,
As by the stillness blest:
A quiet hush is on the air
As nature sinks to rest.

Be hushed, my soul, 'tis holy ground:
The Lord draws near to men;
The evening bells begin to sound,
Let prayer and praise begin.

Let Mother Lead—She Knows the Way

Suggested by the words of Willie Tost, of Wooster, Ohio, who died at the age of four years.

Within a sad and darkened home,
A dear child, sick and weary, lay;
“Father,” he said, “let mother come;
Let mother lead—she knows the way.”

The strong man turned with aching heart;
No word of comfort could he say,
But, from that hour, the better part
He sought, and found the Heavenly way.

Then mother held the little hand,
And told how Christ the debt did pay;
That children to a Heavenly land
In His dear love might find the way.

O little brows by fever burned,
O voices sweet that whisper, “Pray,”
O pleading eyes to father turned,
And father does not know the way!

O fathers, who have children dear,
For whom you toil, by night and day,
Why, with the parting hour so near,
Will you not learn the Heavenly way?

This I Know

I do not know the reason why
God sent His Son and sought me;
But this I know, I do rely
Upon the blood that bought me.

I do not know what God will do
When clouds are gathered o'er me;
But this I know, His word is true,
And Christ is ever with me.

I do not know the paths I'll tread,
As Homeward God shall lead me,
But this I know, I shall be led,
And He will ne'er forsake me.

I do not know what trials sore
The Lord may have to send me;
But this I know, the word is sure,
That grace shall still attend me.

I do not know when it shall be,—
The resurrection morning;
But this I know, He'll come for me
Whene'er that day is dawning.

My Anchor Holds

The storm is high, but at the helm
 My Lord is in command;
No swelling sea, nor tempest fierce,
 Can pluck me from His hand.

The winds and waves obey the will
 Of Him who died for me;
Why should I then their tumult fear,
 Or dread the raging sea?

Though darkness dread is on the deep,
 He knows the way I take;
And so I peacefully will sleep,
 For, with Him, I shall wake.

The sun in splendor o'er the sea
 Shall shine at God's command,
The clouds shall pass, the waves grow still,
 And I shall reach the land.

My anchor holds! O praise the Lord,
 'Tis fast within the veil;
'Tis strong and steadfast as God's word;
 The storms cannot prevail.

God is Willing; Are You?

God is now willing, in Christ reconciled,
Willing to pardon, and cleanse the defiled,
Willing to take you and make you His child;
 God is now willing; are you?

God is now willing to give you His peace,
Willing from bondage of sin to release,
Willing the conflict within you should cease;
 God is now willing; are you?

God is now willing to answer your prayer,
Perfectly willing your burden to bear,
Ready and willing to take all your care;
 God is now willing; are you?

God is now willing within you to dwell,
Willing with blessing your spirit to fill;
Yield to His pleading and give up your will;
 God is now willing; are you?

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Like Flowers That Bloom

O joyful life, to live for God,
To feel His presence near;
To feed upon His precious word,
And seek His face in pray'r;
To count it joy to be unknown,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Like flow'rs that bloom for Him alone,
Where none but God is nigh.

My Saviour, grant this grace to me,
That I for Thee may live,
And wholly give myself to Thee,
As Thou for me didst give;
Deliver me from love of praise,
Man's flatt'ry or his fear;
Thy glory keep before my gaze,
That naught may charm me here.

In all I do be this my thought,
My Master's smile to gain;
All earthly honour count as naught,
And naught all earthly pain;

O be Thou near when morning breaks,
To fill my soul with praise;
And as the sun his circuit makes
Shed light on all my ways.

O be Thou near at eventide,
When night is drawing nigh,
That peace may in my heart abide,
Though darkness veil the sky;
And when my task on earth is done,
O may I go to Thee,
And live where flow'rs immortal bloom
Thro' all eternity.

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Look unto Me

"Look unto me, and be ye saved,"

O hear the blest command,

Salvation full! salvation free!

Proclaim through every land.

"Look unto me," upon the cross,

O weary, burdened soul,

'Twas there on me thy sins were laid,

Believe and be made whole.

"Look unto me," thy risen Lord,

In dark temptation's hour,

The needful grace I'll freely give,

To keep from Satan's power.

"Look unto me," and not *within*,

No help is *there* for thee;

For pardon, peace, and all thy need,

Look only "unto me."

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Pardon, Peace, and Power

Would we be joyful in the Lord?
Then count the riches o'er,
Revealed to faith within His word,
And note the boundless store.

For every sin, by grace divine,
A pardon free bestowed;
And with the pardon *peace* is mine,
The peace in Jesus' blood.

Of grace to break the power of sin,
He gives a full supply,
The Holy Ghost, the heart within,
From sin doth *purify*.

The *power* to win a soul to God,
The Spirit, too, imparts;
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Dwells *now* in all our hearts.

These blessings we by faith receive,
By simple childlike trust;
In Christ, 'tis God's delight to *give*;
He promised, and He must.

As Softly thro' the Silent Hours

As softly thro' the silent hours
The dew to earth is given;
So, Lord, revive our weary pow'rs,
And send us dew from Heaven.

Come, Holy Spirit, like the dew,
Our weary souls refreshing;
Our hearts and minds in Christ renew,
O fill us with Thy blessing.

How hushed and calm the air and hour,
When God the dew distilleth;
How lowly bends the thirsty flow'r,
As He its blossoms filleth.

Thus give us, Lord, the quiet heart,
The lowly mind and merit;
As we for pray'r have come apart.
To seek Thy Holy Spirit.

Look down upon Thy garden, Lord,
Behold the dry ground riven;
See drooping plant and parching sward,
And send the dew from Heaven.

Thy gracious promise, Lord, we plead,
Thy word to Israel given;
O hear our cry, behold our need,
And send the dew from Heaven.

Moment by Moment

Dying with Jesus, His death reckoned mine;
Living with Jesus, a new life divine;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;
Moment by moment I've life from above;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that He doth not share,
Moment by moment I'm under His care.

Never a heartache, and never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan;
Never a danger but there on the throne,
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.

Never a weakness that He doth not feel,
Never a sickness that He cannot heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight;
Lifting above us His banner so bright,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.

A TRUE STORY OF THE HYMN

Mrs. A——, a widow, had been going through great trial. She had a house on which she depended much for rent; through false references it had got into the hands of an evil man, who, whenever she went for the rent, simply mocked at her, jeered and laughed, and no effort that she made could either obtain the rent or turn him out. She had at length put her case in the hands of a magistrate, who said she must appear in court, and the case was pending when my story begins.

She was in deep waters of poverty, and had a terrible dread that God had forsaken her, when she saw in some paper, "Three Days with God." It was the notice of the Rev. Andrew Murray's meetings to be held in the East End Assembly Hall. "I will go and spend these days with God, and put my case into His hands," she said to herself.

On Wednesday she put on her bonnet to start forth, and had her hand on the door, when—a knock—a young policeman asking, "Does Mrs A—— live here? My wife is dying—I must be on my beat." It was a struggle for a moment, but she said, "I will go to her." The young man took her to his house, where she found his young wife fearfully ill; indeed, she thought, dying. She had been nursed by a drunken woman, and her agony was so great that the least touch of the bedclothes made her cry out.

"No quiet days with God for me," she thought. She watched till the following morning, when she was relieved by a neighbor, and went home to rest. As she entered her house, she felt, "Now is my opportunity,"

and forthwith started for the Assembly Hall, and reached it in time for the afternoon meeting. Mr. Murray spoke on "Love," and the Holy Spirit deeply convicted her of sin. Did she not hate the man who had wronged her? Where was the love? Matt. v: 44, 45. How could she love? When, at the close, Mr. Murray said, "Let each here tell their Father in Heaven their need, and pour out their heart before Him while we wait on Him in silence," she knelt down with shame of heart, and confessed her hatred and anger and doubts of God's love to her, sought forgiveness and asked the love of God to fill her soul. She felt it little mattered what became of the house, if only she was right with God. His peace filled her heart as she rose, and the hymn was given out, "Moment by Moment." How it thrilled her, especially the last verse:

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight,
Lifting above us His banner so bright,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.

"I'll stay for the evening now," she said; "there is no need for sleep." Though all the money left in her purse was 1s. 9d. (34 cents), she thought, "Never mind, I'll pay for my tea, for moment by moment I'm under His care."

When she reached the sick room at 10 p. m., her heart was overflowing with joy. She found the woman worse, moaning piteously. After awhile, as she moved quietly about arranging the room for the night, Mrs. S— said, "Nurse, you must have had a good sleep; how rested you look!" "Oh, no, my dear, I have had no sleep, I have been to the East End and have got such a blessing that all my care is gone, and I have brought you such a wonderful hymn that I'll read to you presently." "The East End? What good can you get there, nurse?" She told her a little of the meeting and how God had spoken to her, showing her her sin and need of Divine love. How He had met her and cleansed her heart and filled

her with unspeakable joy and peace, and then she read the hymn:

Dying with Jesus, His death reckoned mine,
Living with Jesus, a new life divine,
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

"Read it again," said the sufferer, and her moaning ceased, and she lay very still. About midnight footsteps came down the stairs, a gentle knock, and an elderly lady entered to inquire for Mrs. S——. The sick woman answered, "I am very ill; but my nurse has been to the East End and brought me such a beautiful hymn. It will do you good, too. Read it to her, nurse." So again the hymn was read.

Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that He doth not share,
Moment by moment I'm under His care.

"Read it again, nurse," whispered the dying woman. So for the fourth time she heard the wonderful hymn. The old lady of seventy-six stole back to her room. About three o'clock, when all was still, nurse heard her praying.

The night passed very quietly, and she seemed a little better in the morning. Later on the old lady of seventy-six came down again and asked if nurse would go to see her mother upstairs and take her the wonderful hymn. During the day she paid the old lady of ninety-six a visit, and found her in bed, but such a picture of an old lady—her face so sweet and her powers so bright! "I hear that you have a wonderful hymn that has done Mrs. S—— good, nurse, and I want you to read it to me. I'm very miserable." "What's the matter?" enquired Mrs. A——. "My sins," she answered. "I know I can't live long, and I am not ready to die. I stay in my bed, not because I am ill, but because I am so afraid and miser-

able. My daughter says you have been to the East End—but I can't think what you have been there for. It's a dreadful place, I think, the East End. I used to go to the Conference Hall (Mildway) when I was younger, much more respectable, my dear, and I have heard the very best preachers in London there, but for all that I am not ready to die. What's the hymn you have brought from the East End?"

"It is the Lamb of God you need," said Mrs. A——.
"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." It was a sight of Him that took the load of sin off me."

They talked over the glorious message until dear old ninety-six said, "But where is the hymn, nurse, that has done you so much good?" So "Moment by Moment" was read again.

Never a weakness that He does not feel,
Never a sickness that He cannot heal,
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

Sunday morning, when Mrs. A—— was tidying up after the night's watching, about 10:30 she heard the rustling of a silk dress, and looking around, to her surprise, saw the pretty old lady of ninety-six, with a silk dress and cap, looking fresher and younger than her daughter of seventy-six. "Good day, my dears. I am coming to see how you do, for my heart is as light as a bird, and I have come to tell Mrs. S—— if she knows the hymn she will soon get well again, for;

Moment by moment I'm kept in His love,
Moment by moment I've life from above.
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.'

I could not keep my bed any longer. 'Jesus my Saviour abides with me still.' "

The sick woman turned to her and smiled. "Ah, Mrs. M——, my verse is—

'Never a heartache and never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan,
Never a danger but there on the throne,
Moment by moment, He thinks of His own.' "

The dear old lady was overflowing with joy, Mrs. A—— said, and it was good to hear her talking to the policeman's wife of the sins of ninety-six years cleansed by the blood of the Lamb.

The daughter of seventy-six was the next to come into the light, and then the young policeman, and soon they could all gather in the little parlor, where the young man had a piano, and every night they sang the hymn. The neighbors noticed the change, and came in to inquire what new song they were so often singing, and thus the good tidings spread of a Saviour's love.

The trial came on about the house, the dreaded day. Mrs. A——'s patient was well enough to accompany her to court. The precious hymn went, too. "Be sure, my dear, you read me my verse just before I am called into the witness box." They sat together, encouraging one another, and once more the favorite verse was read:

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight,
Lifting above us His banner so bright,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.

The magistrate soon decided matters; scarcely a question was asked Mrs. A——. The widow's house was given over to her. So, with a very thankful heart, she praised the Lord.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

Midnight Chimes

Composed during a sleepless night, while listening to
the chimes of a little bed-room clock.

November, 1900.

Swift, with melodious feet,
The midnight hours pass by:
As with each chiming bell so sweet
I think, "My Lord draws nigh."

I see Heav'n's open door,
I hear God's gracious voice:
I see the blood-washed 'round the throne,
And with them I rejoice.

It may be that these sounds
Are the golden bells so sweet,
Which tell me of the near approach
Of the Heavenly High Priest's feet.

Not every night is thus.
Some nights with pain are drear.
Then I join my moan with creation's groan,
And the chimes I do not hear.

But the Lord remains the same,
Faithful He must abide;
And on His word my soul I'll rest,
For He is by my side.

Some midnight, sleepless saints,
Made quick by pain to hear,
Shall join the glad and welcome cry,
"The Bridegroom draweth near!"

Then I shall see His face,
His beauteous image bear;
I'll know His love and wondrous grace,
And in His glory share.

So sing my soul in praise,
As bells chime o'er and o'er,
The coming of the Lord draws near,
When time shall be no more.

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